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The Escape



13 0 2

Chapter 1 by Romart

He had been here before. Years before, in another life. He remembered the heat of the sun shimmering on the concourse of the old station; its impressive, vaulted glazed trainshed glinting in the morning light.

The platforms of Hull Paragon were deserted; unsurprising for 5am on a Tuesday morning in February. He shivered, reached into his pocket and pulled out a rather battered cereal bar. All night he had been on the move to get here... Walking, mostly. Constantly checking to make sure he wasn't being followed.

An old, rattling train rumbled in to the far platform. Ticket in hand, he deftly made his way over, avoiding the all pervading gaze of the CCTV and slumping into a single seat opposite the toilet. The guard barely noticed him, which put him at ease. No-one else boarded, and with a quick squeal of the breaks, the train pulled away. His next stop would be the small market town of Selby, where he would catch a local bus to York, and then the shuttle to Leeds-Bradford Airport.

Leaving the cold port city far behind, the wide expanse of pancake-flat fields sparkled with hoar frost as the crows circled overhead. A beautiful winter morning yet everything had changed

Dead. All of them. Writhing in pain. See more of Story Wars. I could almost hear their anguished screams as haunting echoes. He must not turn back.

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